

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic Four

MARVEL

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LGY#727

RATED T



NORTH
RAMOS
OLAZABA
DELGADO

BUTCH GUICE



Butch was one of the best craftsmen working in the comic book industry.

He had the skills of a classic era comics artist like John Buscema or Jim Steranko, and I think some of the work we did together on *Captain America* and the *Winter Soldier* will rank with the best of the best. He was a lot of fun to work with, and he was an underrated talent his entire career. I, and so many others, will miss him.

— Ed Brubaker



Ben Grimm: incredibly bighearted, impossibly strong. Calls himself "the Thing."



I call him my best friend.

Reed Richards: as stretchy as he is smart, and he's the smartest man on the planet. My spectacular husband.



My Mister Fantastic.

Johnny Storm, my brother. A living inferno-- the Human Torch.



He insists I add that he's "single and largely ready to mingle."

And that's me: Sue Storm, the Invisible Woman. I bend light and energy, and I make force-fields with my mind. I lead the team.

We're the Fantastic Four.

I brought us here because *Doctor Doom* has taken over the planet, and today, we're going to stop him.

Today, we're going to save the world.

Surprised to see us, Doomie?

KRA-KOOOM!

Only surprised that you are not yet dead, you thundering fools!

You dare? After all I have accomplished, you truly dare risk a direct attack against *Emperor Doom*?

FWOOSH!





I thought I'd taught you all how futile that is. You especially, Grimm.

And yet here you are.



Oh, is that whatcha were tryin' ta teach us? Holy Hannah, Doomie--yer *not* a good teacher.



Agreed. We understood an entirely different message...



It starts with "Doom," and it ends with...



..."always loses."



Since I have become Emperor, none have laid a hand on me, Richards. *None.*

But of course, *you* and your ridiculous family think nothing of it.



The four of you, *defying* me, each supporting the other in your little *folie à quatre*.

Stay down, Victor.

No.



No, Emperor Doom has been-- *ungenerous* with you. Too confident, perhaps, in your ability to *correct* yourselves.

But if you insist on enabling each other's anti-Doom psychoses...



...then in his grace, and in his mercy--



RRARGH!

ARRGH!

MMMMRRGH!

RRRRRRARGH!



--Doom will *end* them for you.

BEN GRIMM
THE THING



JOHNNY STORM
HUMAN TORCH



REED RICHARDS
MISTER FANTASTIC



SUSAN RICHARDS
INVISIBLE WOMAN

Fantastic Four

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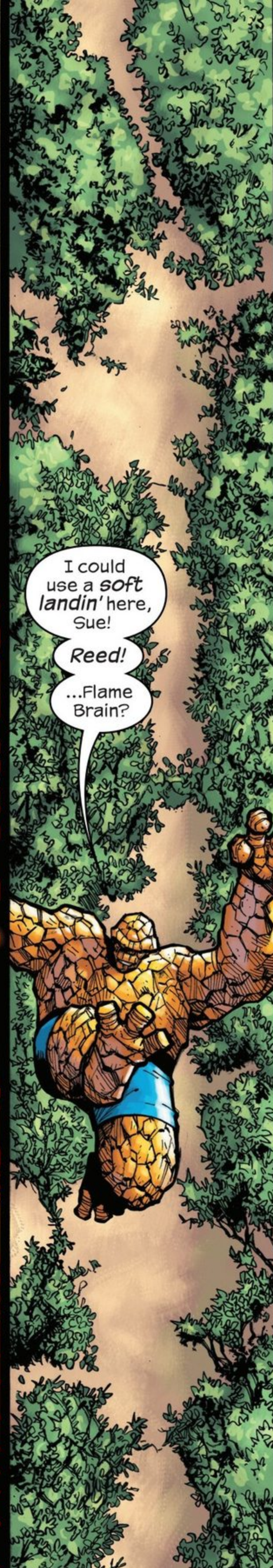
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FANTASTIC FOUR CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY



Oh
crap.



I could
use a *soft*
landin' here,
Sue!

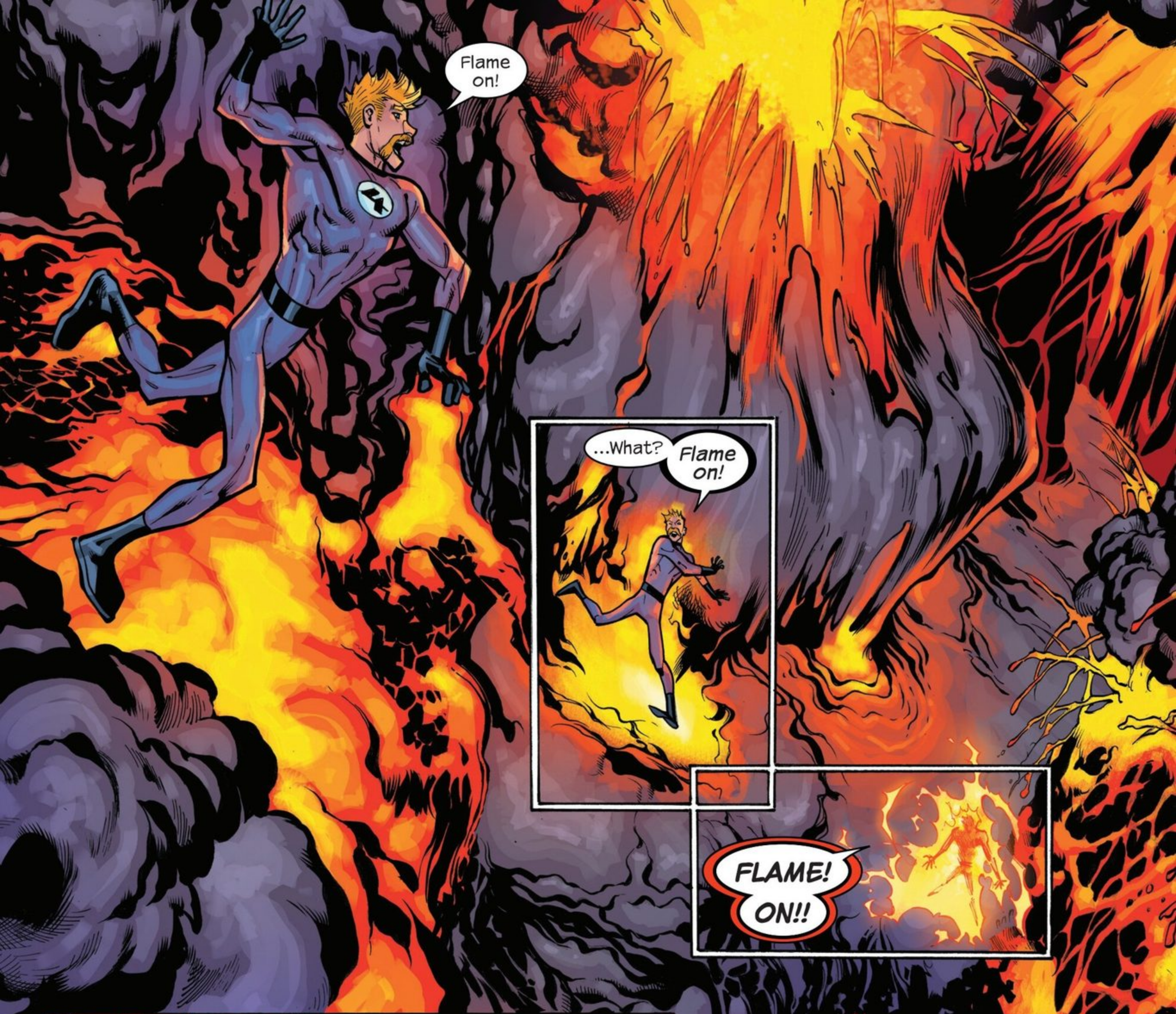
Reed!

...Flame
Brain?



Fascinating.

THE FANTASTIC FOUR in: "THE UNCOMMON ERA"



Flame
on!



...What?
Flame
on!



FLAME!
ON!!



Hard to breathe.
Hard to flame on.

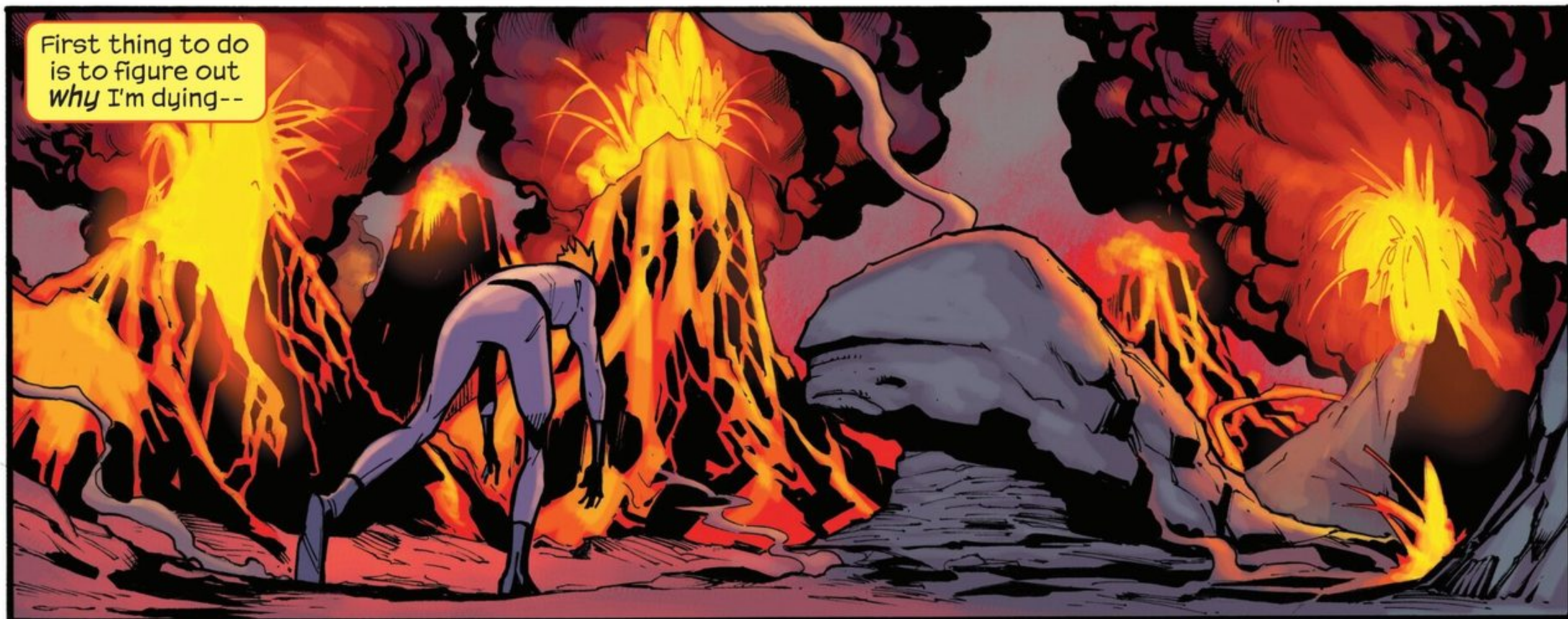
And I feel
strange.



I know
this feeling.
It's *HYPOXIA*.

RARGH!

Your boy Johnny is
suffocating to death.



First thing to do
is to figure out
why I'm dying--



--while I can
still *think*
clearly.



BOOP!

Location: Earth,
August 30th, 521,010,824
BCE, 8:31:32 a.m.



Okay. Okay.
I think that's before
life evolved on land, but
I can work with that.
Reed will--

No other
Fantastic Four
signals
detected.



Uh...
atmosphere
analysis?

Atmospheric
oxygen in this
era is 20% of
normal.



Well, no
wonder I had
trouble flaming on--
that's worse than the
peak of *Everest*!
That's the death
zone!

The...
whole planet
is a death
zone.



FLAME ON!!





It's easy enough to find rocks with streaks of red in 'em--they're all over the place, and there's no *plants* yet to cover 'em.

And meltin' stuff is child's play for the *Human Torch*.



That's the good news.

The *bad* news is, even by making *heat eddies* bring the oxygen right to me, I discover...



...it's not enough.

Oxygen levels 31% of normal.

It's not enough.



I'm not even getting out of the *death zone*. This oxygen isn't *saving* me--it's just *slowing* the inevitable. I'm going to get more and more *confused*--

--more and more *disoriented*--

--and then I'm going to die.



I've got one chance. Everything depends on what Reed told us to *look for* if we ever get lost--and what our uniforms have built-in *trackers* for.



And so, flying as fast as I can--
dying as *slowly* as I can...

...I head for the *Forever Stone*.



Been flying so long.
Gotta keep flying.
Gotta keep *flying*.

Can't remember why.
Can't think, can't--

The *stone*.
Right.

And I'm almost
to the stone

I'm almost
to the



There



Safe

I'm safe



Just need
to add the
date and I'm



safe



Guys?
Li'l help?



Cosmic rays
give everyone *else* a
way ta not smash into the
ground when they're fallin',
but *not* when it comes ta
ol' *Blushin' Blue-Eyed*
Ben, no, sirree...



Aw,
fer the
luvva...!



RRRRRAHHH!

I know if yer
sent back in time,
yer *definitely* not
s'posed ta step
on any
butterflies...

...but where
does *punchin'*
out a dino land
on that list?!





I ain't
steppin' on
butterflies...



RRRRRRRRGH!!

...but I ain't
gonna be anyone's
dinner either!



That's right!
This snack
fights back!



SMACK!

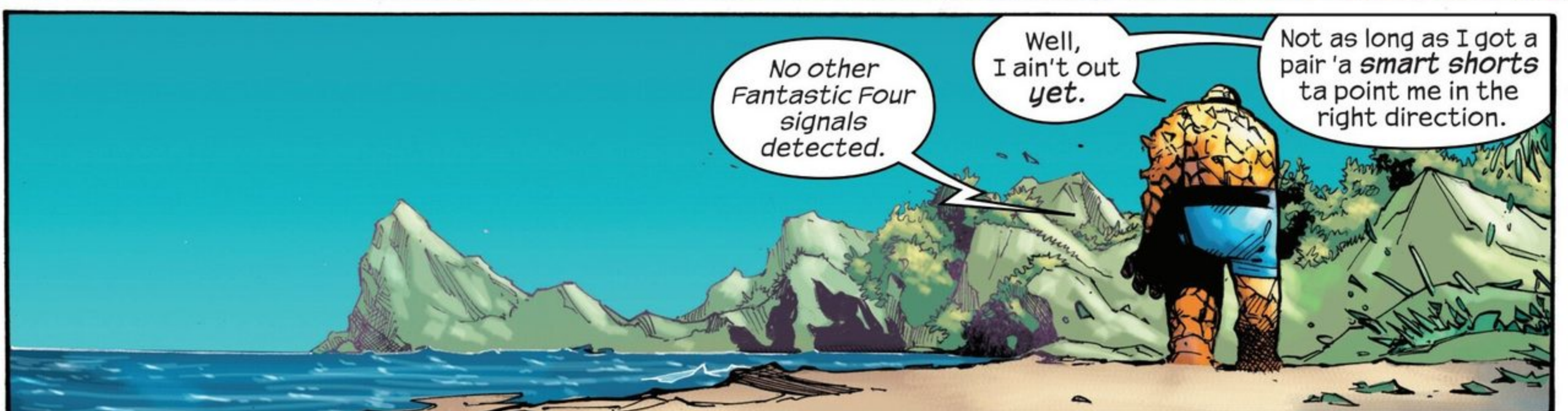
Go on,
get outta
here!
Get!!



thump!

Location:
Earth, September
14th, 92,457,121 BCE,
1:34:01 p.m.

Yeah,
dinosaur times.
No kiddin'.

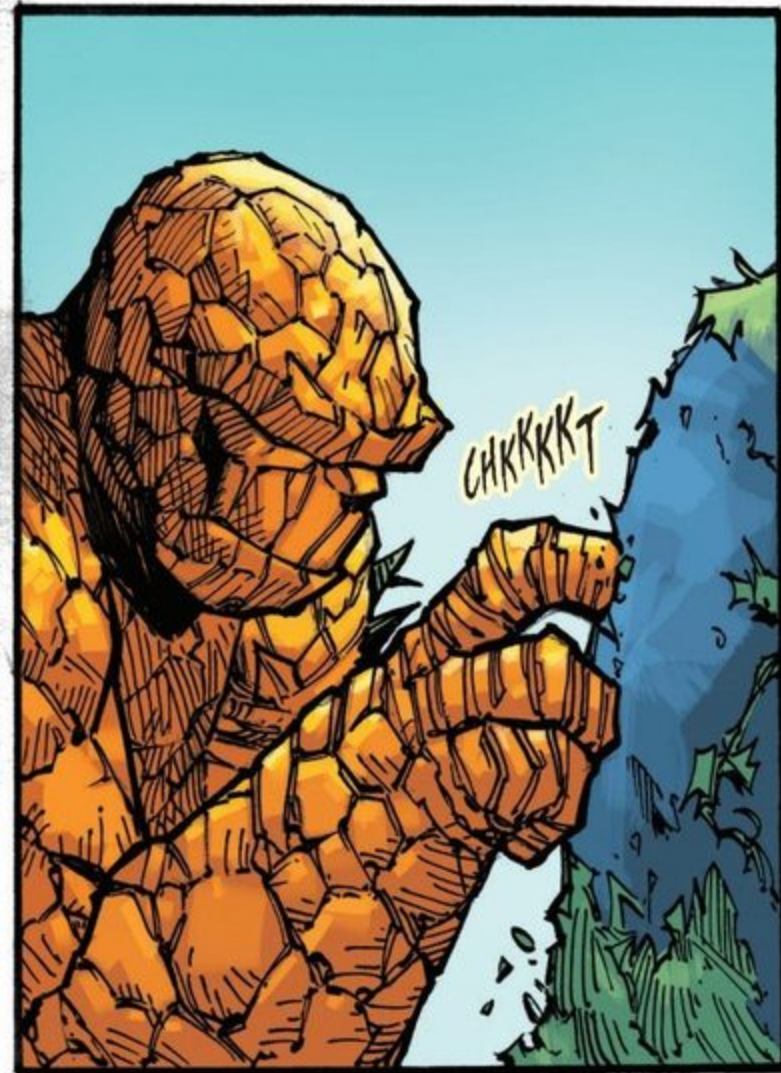
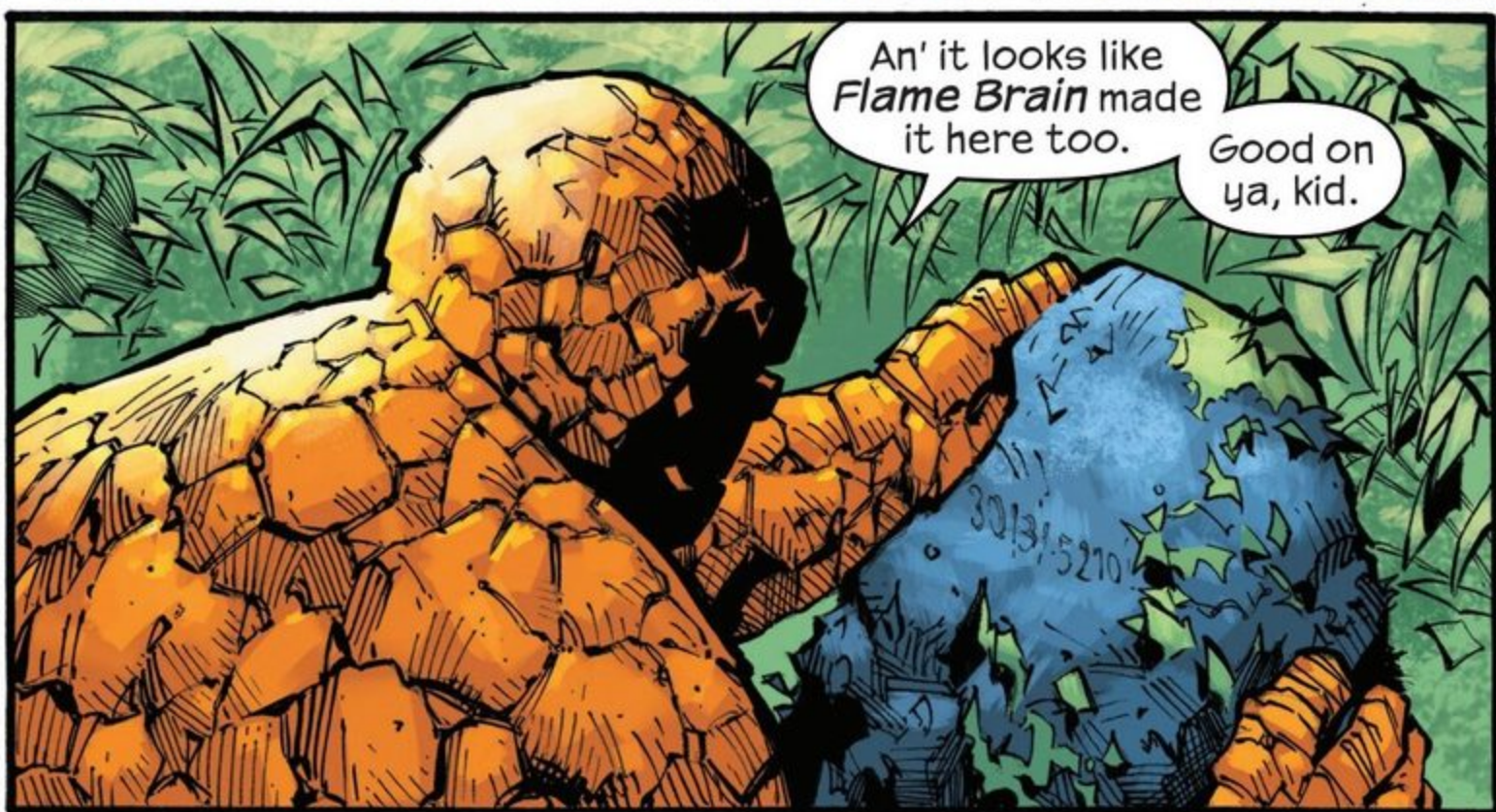
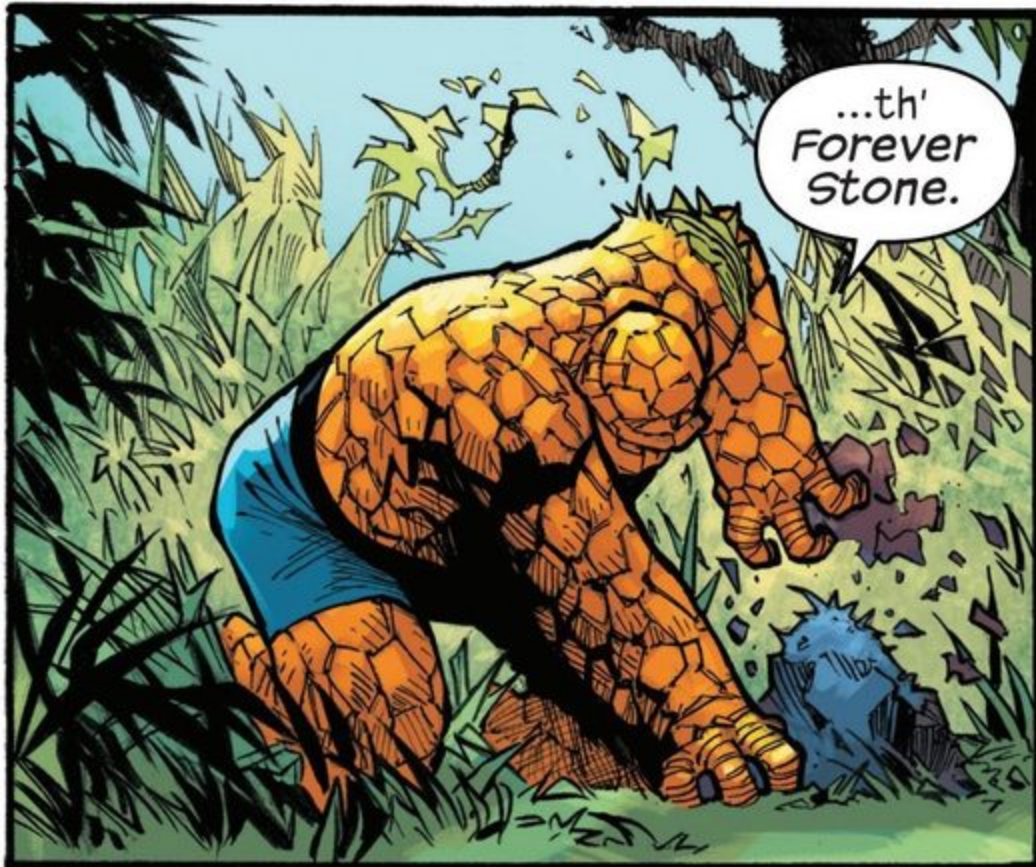
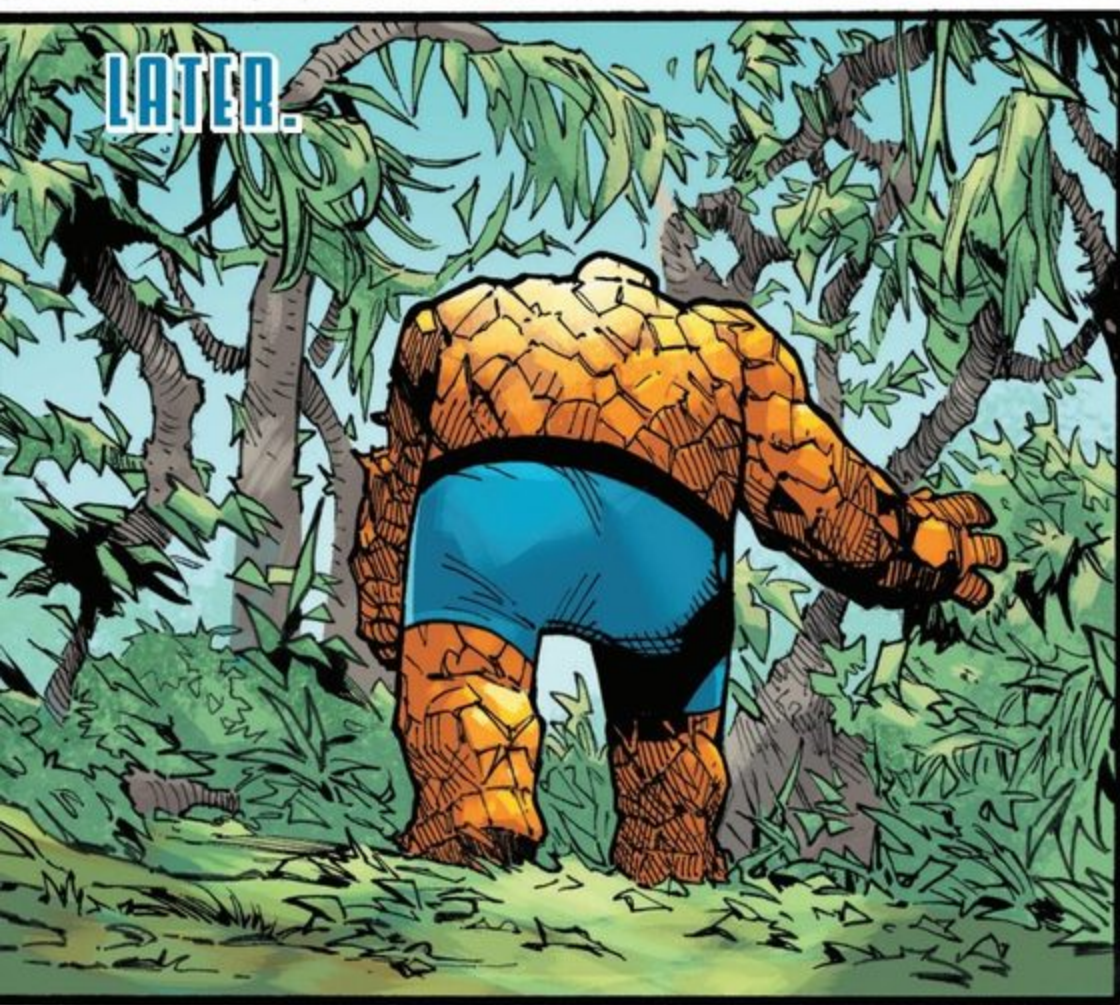


No other
Fantastic Four
signals
detected.

Well,
I ain't out
yet.

Not as long as I got a
pair 'a *smart shorts*
ta point me in the
right direction.

LATER.



Location: Earth,
March 22nd, 1266 CE,
8:18:59 p.m.

No other
Fantastic Four
signals
detected.

Begin audio log.
Given Victor's mien, I have to
assume the others have been
sent to different eras in
Earth's *history*.

But if he thinks
separating us is
enough to destroy us,
he has another think
coming.

The *Forever Stone*: a mass of
dense granite that happens to be
one of the *longest-lasting*
rocks on the *planet*.

And more usefully
to our purposes, through a
combination of obscurity and raw
geologic luck, it's stayed both
intact and *accessible* for--

Argh!

Instinctually softening my body on impact, I allow it to form around this projectile.



There may be good fortune in this--the impact is carrying me *into* the darkness of the forest...



...and *out* of history's way.



Now, then. To the Forever Stone.



And to hope against hope that the *others* make it there too.



The Stone is *three months* travel away.

I move as *efficiently* as I can, able to move more quickly at *night*...

...or when I am out of sight of any other humans of this time period.

I acquire period-appropriate clothing from a midden, passing myself off as a beggar.

It carries *lice*, of course, but as the parasites cannot bite my flexible skin, they soon leave for greener pastures.

I travel. I avoid attention.

And *finally*...



...I arrive at where I need to be.



ting!



Resume
audio log.



If any of us
are lost in time, the
plan was always the
same: find the *Forever
Stone*. Carve the
precise date and time
you find it into
its face.

And then
put it back
exactly as
you found
it.

It's a fail-safe--
the best one possible,
when dealing with time
travel.

I've tracked
the stone's location
throughout history,
which provides spacial data.
The inscription provides
temporal. With both,
space-time temporal
coordinates become
known entities...



...meaning
the right person,
in the right place,
can help us find our
way *home*.



Johnny is in the Cambrian era, before animals, or even plants, began colonizing *land*.

He must've found the abundant *oxygen sinks* of that era, using heat to break apart any freed oxides into oxygen.

Ben is in the late Cretaceous, surviving against the *carnivorous charismatic megafauna* of that era.



Yet there's nothing from *Sue*, which leads me to conclude she's further ahead in time than any of us.

Which means it's now up to her...



...to rescue *us*.

What the--?!

Normally, when I use my powers, it's just across a *partial* spectrum.

I bend *visible light* around me, and hey presto: I'm the Invisible Woman.

It's the only way to avoid being *cooked* alive.

I don't usually shield myself from the *full* spectrum, because *heat* is energy too.

If I shielded myself from *all* radiation--and convection and conduction too--I could *freeze to death* in the middle of the *sun*.

But I do it now. I keep all but the *smallest percentage* of heat away from me.

Location:
Earth, February 26th,
7,801,020,245 CE.
9:04:22 a.m.

No other
Fantastic Four
signals
detected.

I'm an *archaeologist*:
I study cultures, languages,
people. But I've still picked up
bits and pieces of *astrophysics*
here and there.

Enough to
recognize that
our sun is *dying*.
It *boiled off*
Earth's oceans
long ago.

Sometime soon,
geologically
speaking, that red
giant will *consume*
Earth *entirely*.

It's the end of
everything. Our
planet is *dead*.

And I'm
the last life
on it.

My *only chance* is
to find the *Forever
Stone*, and--

No
Stone signal
detected.

...No.

No, it
has to be
here!

We never looked this far
ahead for the Forever Stone.
We never thought we'd *have*
to--there's nothing *here*!

But if there's no
Forever Stone here,
then there's *no
way back*.

And if there's
no way back--



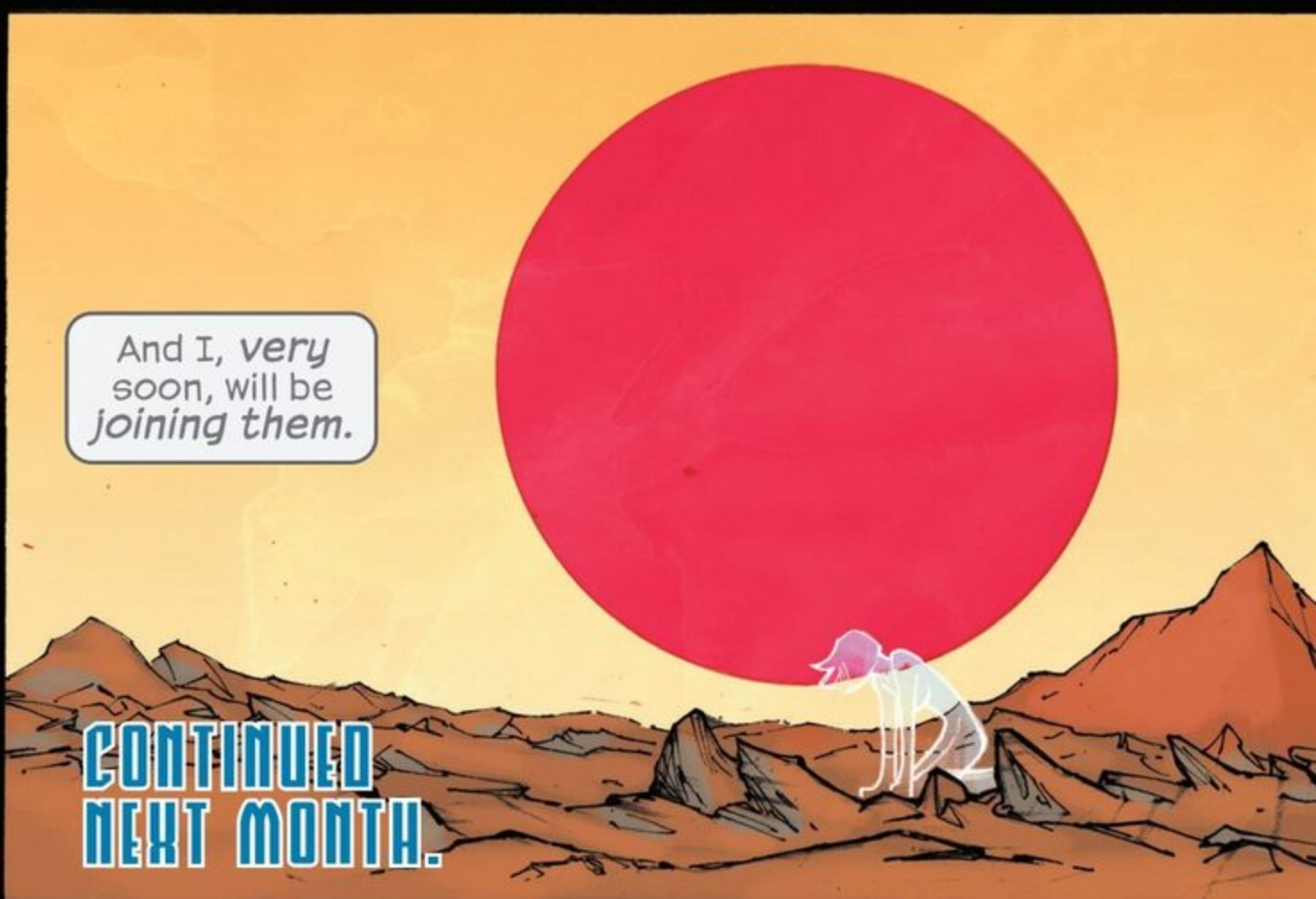
---then my brother is dead.



My best friend is dead.



My husband is dead.



And I, very soon, will be joining them.

CONTINUED
NEXT MONTH.

Fantastic Four Fan Page

Hey, look at that! An all-new #1 in an all-new everybody who's picking us up for the first time, welcome! Let's kick things off with a message from everybody's favorite FF writer, Mister Ryan North:

This is issue #1a of FANTASTIC FOUR. It's also issue #34 of the story I started in 2022 with our previous issue #1 and issue #727 of the story Jack Kirby and Stan Lee started all the way back in 1961.

It's an old joke that comic numbering doesn't make sense, but I promise, there is a logic to it. A new #1 turns on the porch light and puts out the welcome mat, saying "Hey, come in and make yourself at home: We're all starting out here, and I promise you won't be lost." That's something I actually strive for in everything I write: Every comic is someone's first ever, and you should do all you can to make sure they're just as on board as everyone else.

So here are the Fantastic Four: adventurers who traverse time, space, probability and the impossible. They're the ones with fantastic powers who roll up into a small town, discover a weird problem and save everyone. They're being brought to life by the great Humberto Ramos and the rest of our creative team, and I can't wait for you to see what we've been coming up with.

A year ago, I got to visit the set of FANTASTIC FOUR: FIRST STEPS, and as I was chatting with people in the art department, we got to talking about what we loved most about the characters. I said I loved Reed's receptiveness to new ideas. I loved Sue's hope and optimism. I loved Johnny's big open heart, and I loved Ben's unchanging humanity. I thought I did pretty good at capturing who these people were, but then someone--and I wish I'd gotten their name so I could credit them properly--summed them up perfectly by saying "What I love about the Fantastic Four is simple: They're the ones who bring a slide rule and the scientific method to a gun fight."

And they are. The Fantastic Four are hope married to the belief that the world can be a better place, and the way we achieve that is through shared understanding and discovery. The universe is knowable, and since we're part of the universe, we're knowable too. They tell us that every problem has a solution, and if we work hard--and think hard--then we can find it too.

Thanks for joining us for this latest chapter in the story of these four (well, five) (okay, nine) scientific adventurers, and I hope you enjoy the many more that are coming real soon.

Ryan North
Toronto, Canada
July 2025

Just because this is a new run doesn't mean that we're finished with old business. So let's get into some fan responses to one of the most popular issues we've produced of late!

This has been one of, if not THE, best books on the rack since this series started. Every single issue has been a fastball special right out of the park. (The alt-

world alien-evolution planet story? Right through the heart, every time I think about it!) But issue #30? Oh my stars and garters, I am standing here in the comic book store shaking from suppressed emotion, trying not to scream aloud with how intensely I am FEELING over this issue!

What a masterpiece. Every panel, every scene, was an intensifying

build-up to pay-off after pay-off after pay-off, all the way to the heart-wrenching end with the Puppet Master alone in his cell. Hats not merely off, but launched all the way into orbit to all of you. What a book!

Nicky Wagman
Comix Connection
Pennsylvania

Glad you've been enjoying the series, Nicky! And rest assured, this new iteration will be more of the same, just dialed up to eleven!

To WHOEVER at Marvel has control of this,

Every time someone complains about Johnny's mustache being ugly, please make it 0.5% larger. It's what Johnny would want.

That aside, issue #30 was FANTASTIC. As someone who's dealt with depression and body issues, Ben's struggle struck home in a very important way, and him going to Puppet Master to "fix" him in the way he did was genius. I love the lightheartedness of this run, but the more serious issues are absolute masterpieces. Massive kudos to the whole team!

Em Griffith
Vancouver, WA

Oh, just wait till you see what Humberto does with Johnny's mustache, Em...

FF Team,

The run on this series has been superb!! I cannot understand why more fans are not talking about this title! Normally I do NOT like tie-ins. They are very predictable, filled with standard tropes and do not serve the overall story of the main characters of the title. However, this issue surprised me with the extreme emotional depth of Ben and Alicia. I remember a story from years ago when Ben lost his powers and I thought "here we go again, same old story." Boy, was I happy to be wrong. The fact that he only wants to be happy for his family and not a burden reminds us that Ben just wants the best for his family and not because he wants to be a super hero. Him going to the Puppet Master for help not

only shows his desperation but how much he would sacrifice for his family. Longtime fans knew Alicia would see through this, but those of us in long-term relationships also know that we would see through our significant other's lies and pain, which made the story more emotional and compelling.

Great job by all!! Beautiful artwork, powerful story, just a great, great book. After 54 years of collecting comic books, it's nice to know I can still be surprised and moved by them. I'm going to remember this one. Bravo!!!

Michael Rutkowski

Seems like this story hit close to home for a bunch of our readers, Michael. Glad you dug it.

Hey,

I suffer from chronic pain. I am a husband and a father to a little boy and his little dog. Sometimes, it's hard to pick my son up. I love walking my dog, but sometimes, I have to ask my wife to do it. It's a real struggle to be the partner and dad I want to be when I'm just hurting so much. Some mornings, it takes everything just to get out of bed. Sometimes, I forget and I push myself too hard. And I pay for it. In a hospital bed or stretched out on the floor.

I, uh, feel for Ben. Very deeply. You know, sometimes my wife calls me Mr. Fantastic... It breaks my heart a little because I don't feel very fantastic. And if she weren't such a super hero, we wouldn't have this beautiful life and this wonderful baby boy.

I just wish there was a shortcut to being the man I want to be, the father. I want to feel Fantastic. When I read this issue, I was prepping for another trip to my doctor. I don't want to go. I'm so sick of it. But I'm doing it for my

family, I'm doing it for myself--so I can say that I'm trying. And I want Ben to try. I want him to try really hard. And I'll keep trying hard too. And we'll just have to hope we can get there.

Thanks for the incredible issue. Adored the kimono cover by Peach Momoko. I look forward to checking in on Ben next month.

Kevin Lukacs
Virginia

Hang in there, Kevin, we're all pulling for you.

I have always identified with Ben Grimm and anytime you do a story that really dives into his feelings, it hits perfectly. FF #30 was no exception.

Back in November, I lost my job of almost thirty years, and I still find myself unemployed. My role as a father, husband and provider has been altered to say the least. As I read this story, I realized I too was masking my feelings and hiding behind a fake smile while I struggled to see who I was in this new reality.

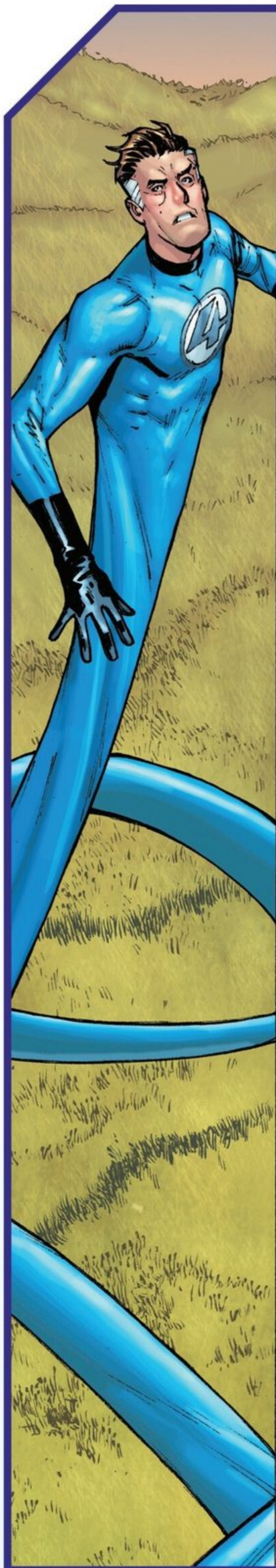
Thankfully, like Ben, I have an amazing wife who sees me for who I really am and kids who love me no matter what. It took me a while to understand why my wife loved this monster, but I see her efforts trying to help me in her own ways.

Hopefully Ben is restored but keeps the experiences to grow and learn from. Hopefully I do too.

Steve Sifton
Michigan

And best of luck to you as well, Steve! Stinks that you're having to deal with all that.

Tom B
5/27/25



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Next

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